

The Times-Dispatch

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1912.

EFFICIENT BUILDING INSPECTION.

The election of Henry P. Beck, the present Building Inspector, to the Administrative Board will necessitate a new inspector, but it should in no way curtail or hinder the efficiency of that office. Mr. Beck is right in declaring that he cannot properly fulfill the duties of his present office and those of the board at the same time. Beyond doubt his experience and energy will continue to do much for the city in this direction, but the notion that he can take over new functions while continuing the old is founded on false economic premises. His supervision as a member of the board may enable the office to be conducted at less expense, but the prime aim is to protect the city of Richmond, safeguard life and insure the best type of building construction, not to save money. The people did not elect Mr. Beck to be Building Inspector with a new title and a larger salary. They chose him to give his time and ability to building up the whole community in every possible way.

Whatever action the Council may take in the matter should be founded on the fact that the efficient inspection of building in Richmond is a matter of highest importance to the city. The value and need of such inspection will increase rather than diminish. The present activity in construction is not temporary or sporadic, but a sign of the natural growth of a prosperous city. The present organization and effectiveness of the Building Inspector's office certainly owes much to Mr. Beck. But it in no wise depends upon him for its proper continuance. Therefore the end to be sought is the appointment of a man who will be able to handle what has been begun and to extend the scope and influence of the office.

Richmond will be busy erecting new buildings and remodeling old ones for years to come. New problems will have to be met with vision and courage. In particular will the problem of housing have to be faced. The congestion and resultant unhealthful conditions now very evident will necessitate strict measures and ceaseless vigilance. There will doubtless be occasion for new laws and new policies. The fact that Richmond is a very old city, with many dilapidated and unsightly and often unsafe structures in daily use, is an added reason for having the best of inspection. It is folly to talk of abolishing the office or of saddling it upon Mr. Beck. Let us economize, if possible, but in any event let us have a force adequate for the needs of a growing city.

THE "WHITE ESQUIMO" MYSTERY, AGAIN.

Stefansson, who, with Dr. Anderson, discovered a new race, "White Esquimos," he terms them, living within the far Northwest arctic circle, who had never seen a white man before, has been interviewed in New York. What he gave out adds little to the contents of his brief letters and the statements he made to newspaper correspondents upon first reaching civilization. As to his conclusion that the new race is of Norse descent or admixture, the only evidence he has so far adduced to sustain it is ethnological, but it would seem sufficiently strong to render it far more than plausible that he is not mistaken. The Icelandic sagas fully establish the fact of the settlement of Greenland by Scandinavian colonists as far back as the year of 982, and of the introduction into the country of Christianity about the year 1000. Also they prove the founding later of Norse colonies in Newfoundland, ruins of whose buildings are still extant. There is both circumstantial and legendary evidence to support the conclusion that the Newfoundland colonists were, in the fourteenth century annihilated by a warlike tribe of Esquimos from the north and by the black plague. This eliminates the Newfoundland settler from the "white Esquimo" mystery. The ethnological evidence Stefansson presents is that of the new races having blue eyes, red hair and beard and a light complexion, coupled with conformity in many respects to Scandinavian racial characteristics, as respects measurements.

Roland Amundsen, while making the Northwest passage, heard of a white race located where Stefansson found it, but did not succeed in coming into contact with any of its members. Stefansson's explanation of this is that at the season Amundsen was in the vicinity the several tribes composing the former's "And" was in the interior engaged in hunting. Amundsen's report revived the tradition that in the shadowy past there had been a big emigration movement from Japan to the northern shores of this continent, and the theory that the white race of which Amundsen had learned was of mixed Esquimo and Japanese origin was advanced. That Stefansson's ethnological testimony effectually dispenses of that theory can hardly

be questioned in view of the typical black eyes and coarse, black hair of the Japs. Therefore, it appears that the only thing left to us is to trace back, as he does, to the Greenland Scandinavian colony, which was forgotten for generations, and disappeared prior to 1450. The question is, if the "white Esquimos" are not descended from that colony, from whom could they possibly be descended? Certainly they are not true Esquimos.

And yet, if they are so descended, how is it that even in the centuries that have elapsed since that colony passed out of the world's knowledge, they have kept no traditions of a white race, that not a suggestion that they knew anything of Scandinavian arts was revealed to their discoverers during the long residence of the latter with them, and that they do not retain the slightest impression of anything associated with Christianity. The gap here is as remarkable and as interesting as the fact of the race's existence. It involves a mystery foreshadowing that Stefansson and Anderson but penetrated the rim of a problem, efforts at the entire solution of which are destined to render the region of the "white Esquimos" the field of the most general and persistent exploration, study and investigation of any in the frozen zone. Whether or not it is rich in promise, it is powerful and fascinating in lure, and neither the anthropologists, philologists nor archaeologists will rest until the gap has been bridged, or by the wresting of its last secret from it, the possibility of bridging it has been demonstrated to be impossible.

That archaeologists will be attracted to the region would appear to be especially pointed to, by the mention of Stefansson of relics of pottery he came across outside of the waste bordering the habitat of the white tribes, and his reference to stone houses, which, strange to say, he did not "have or take the time to explore." Such surface indications have in other parts of the world led to the unearthing below of keys to, and missing explanatory links in, some of the greatest puzzles of history and race migrations and assimilations, that have confronted modern research and investigation. Why not the arctic? Why not the eternal ice as well as the eternal sand?

FRANK FRANK MUNSEY.

It is refreshing to get candor from the Roosevelt cohorts. Examples are not frequent enough to be passed in silence. Frank A. Munsey has justified his first name with amazing point and clearness. Mr. Munsey has recently added the New York Press to the string of papers with which he is backing the Bull Moose candidacy, and it is rumored, his own ambitions for the Court of St. James. In his formal announcement of policy he states that he has a twofold object. One is to help democracy. The second is to elect the presidency. The second is to elect the presidency. The second is to elect the presidency. The second is to elect the presidency.

The question is how will the Mighty One take this uncanny candor of Frank Munsey? Is he ready to admit without equivocation that his confession of faith means high duties and more of them? This is Mr. Munsey's confession of faith and the real motive behind every supporter of the Bull Moose save those mere blind believers in the Roosevelt myth. Mr. Munsey has both courage and honesty, but these are not qualities especially dear to his chief. They must be used with discretion. We fear Mr. Munsey has laid himself open to contumely and opprobrium. It is possible that his confession of faith will land him in the Ananias Club.

OUR SEASONAL MONEY STRINGENCY.

The regular annual demonstration of our need for banking reform legislation is now in full operation. The moving of crops in the West has caused the banks in that section to hoard all the cash they can secure and to withdraw their deposits from the central reserve cities and from New York. The bank reserves in New York are down to the legal minimum and call loans are being curtailed. The merchant and manufacturer in the interior and in New York are doubtful about the money market. The possibility of their getting proper credit facilities is uncertain, and our industrial and mercantile enterprises are hampered by this defect in our banking system.

There is no reason why the business men of the country should permit these conditions, with which we have been afflicted for forty years, to continue. They constitute a national disgrace and have no parallel in any other commercial or industrial nation. There is an urgent need for the creation of a general banking or credit center or centers where reserves may be mobilized and rediscounts freely made. In the light of this situation, it is encouraging to note that the campaign for banking reform is to be carried forward with "renewed vigor." This movement should have the support of

all classes of citizens, for, whatever may be the difference of opinion as to some features of the plans of reforms which have been recently proposed, there are certain defects in our national banking system upon which there is general agreement as to the remedy. A general and firm demand should be made upon Congress at its next session for legislation which will assure us an elastic currency and credit system.

FOR WINTER READING.

The fodder's in the shock, the lamp-light gleams yellow in the evening, but where are the splendid, rousing romances to while away the winter hours? It seems centuries since a real book, with love and action sweeping to a heart-stirring end, broke the gray fog of our present literature. Has any one sat up till dawn to follow the adventures of any prince of action lately? If so, let him share his joy. Nowadays everything that isn't laden with a super-dreadnaught moral is absolutely immoral, and the simple man finds nothing to take him out of his humdrum world for a ride on the skirts of happy chance.

Are there no magicians of the pen like Conan Doyle in the golden nineties, before he won his knighthood and lost his youthful fire? Will somebody write for a hungry world a new Sherlock Holmes or tell the joyous adventures of another White Company? Why does Kipling dawdle in his ivory tower and write mystic cryptic studies instead of once more thrilling us with the mad ambitions of the "Man Who Would Be King" or tickling us with the diplomatic devilries of Stalky & Co., or just taking us wandering through the Indian forest with Mowgli of the Jungle books? Those were good days, when every month brought some new fascination from Tom Page or Cable or Mark Twain. Then magazines really knit the sleeve of raveled care, while now they make us frown over the horrors of Schedule K or the Shame of the Pillars. Who wants more acrobatics of Bernard Shaw or the dun manderings of Bennett's Five Towns? Has the golden strain of English fiction lost the flavor that came sparkling and clear straight from Chaucer's sprightly tales? The chair and fire and pipe are ready; who will write a book to make the heart young again?

PATRIOTISM AND PIE.

The Farmville Herald correctly observes that to Confederate pensioners Virginia pays a pittance with such restrictions that only a limited number are beneficiaries, although the salaries of certain officials have been largely increased. It is a matter of the gravest reproach to Virginia that her old soldiers suffer for lack of money for the bare necessities of life while her overpaid fee officers roll in wealth. A man who charged into the jaws of death at Gettysburg and left a leg or an arm there in defense of his State gets almost nothing from the State, while a sleek and smooth office-holder, whose only possible patriotic act would be his resignation, draws thousands in excess salary, owns two or three homes, and lives in luxury simply because he is protected by secrecy as to his compensation. The man who would have given his life to his State is penniless; the man who would give his life to State office is prosperous. What is patriotism to the Officeholders' Plunderbund?

SAVE CHESTNUT TREES.

The Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests is conducting an active campaign to kill the chestnut blight in that State. This disease has swept over New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, and is now spreading north into New England, and south into Virginia. Already serious damage has been done in Connecticut and Massachusetts. In Virginia the blight has been discovered in portions of the Alleghenies and Blue Ridge. Infected trees have been found on Thomas Jefferson's mountain, Monticello.

The New Hampshire Society has found the danger so grave that it has issued a circular letter appealing for funds with which to wage a war of extermination. Dr. Spaulding, of the United States government, is co-operating with the State forester in locating the plague. Dr. Spaulding's opinion holds important information for Virginia. His warning is that all forest owners must co-operate to eradicate the destructive fungus. Unless all danger zones are cleaned up the infection can get a fresh start. If all owners cut down and burn trees marked by the experts, the bulk of the timber may be saved. It is a matter for broad social measures just as is any contagious disease in men or beasts. If the spores are cut out before they ripen this fall, the saving will be measured in millions. A few hundred dollars spent now in prevention will be better than thousands later. The value of the chestnut tree as timber and as a nut-bearer in Virginia runs into millions. Now is the time to save this sum by timely and wide-spread precautions.

The Chicago Tribune says that some ingenious person has invented a handle for safety razor blades, so they can be used for potato paring and other household purposes. Let him go ahead now and invent a handle that will make them really safety razors.

Between the Blues in the North and the Boosters in the South, the nation probably learned that Richmond was on the map.

"Lots of Americans are fools. Think of the number who emigrate to Canada when they might be planting around Charleston," laments the News and Courier. But think how soon South Carolina politics might have them all "planted" around Charleston.

On the Spur of the Moment

By Roy K. Moulton

Things That Make Life Worth Living. Making love to your best gal and just as you are about to pop the question, having her ask you why your nose is red, why you wear glasses, whether the Cubs won today or not, or whether you think it is going to be an unusually cold summer.

Getting a package of feminine underwear from the laundry by mistake just as you are about to leave on a two weeks' trip. Having your name spelled wrong in the newspaper when you have stopped a runaway and saved three lives. Having someone start a conversation about Macbeth when you don't care whether he is an actor, a disease or a new brand of breakfast food.

Listening to a dinner table story you have heard for nineteen years and trying to look as though you enjoyed it. That's right, laugh. Laugh loud and long. You long, lean, lank attenuated specimen of humanity. Who cannot cast a shadow And who shiver to death in the winter.

And regard us fat folks then with keenest envy. Laugh, doggone you, laugh! Have a good time; Crack your ribs. It's your turn now—Go ahead. Give us the equine ha-ha. Laugh, doggone you, laugh! Laugh, while you can; Chuckle, grin, giggle. Point your long, bony finger at this upholstered frame And smile at this all too solid flesh. Your period of merriment is brief. Then will come the north wind, Cracking around your sly-like face.

Beating a tattoo upon your spare ribs; And your knees will rattle Even as the end man's bones. And you will shiver Like unto the aspen. Then, doggone you, We'll laugh.

Answers to Correspondents.

Father—You say your son shows signs of becoming a writer and ask what is the best course to pursue. Were it not for the rather stringent laws in this State we might suggest chloroform. As it is, you will have to do the best you can and try to talk him out of it. Interested—You ask us our idea of the champion mollycoddle and we do not mind stating that in our opinion the champion mollycoddle is the man who lets his wife pick out his smoking tobacco.

Lover—Yes, we can tell you the best way to write love letters. Buy a bottle of invisible ink and write your letter; just before you mail it to her carefully tear it into small bits and place it in the kitchen stove. Taxidermist—We think the rarest bird in America to-day is the American eagle, the sort found on the \$10 gold piece.

The Wink is on the Blink. Up at Adrian, Mich., the following sign appears over the soda fountain in a drug store.

DON'T WINK. This is not an oculist's office, but a drug store. NOTHIN' DOING.

They're Ripe Now. This high-toned thing they call a "table dote." By Jig, ain't never goin' to sit my I ain't daft on that stuff called a la carte And I could live without it, fer my part. Them fancy French layouts give me a pain. It seems to me that they ain't hardly same. But there's one thing that just appeals to me. About this time of year, right to a T, I may be some old-fashioned and all that. And there may be some hay stuck in my hat. But there's one thing for which I always shout. When it has got the butter oozin' out. It is a food that's surely fit for kings. It's got the ketchup on all other things. This come out of the kitchen, to my mind.

A culinary dream of wondrous kind. You ask me what I'll have? I say, "Gosh. Most anything, just so it's summer squash."

The Richmond Boosters

The Richmond Boosters will visit Spartanburg to-morrow for a short while. They come down here with the idea of impressing the people of this town with the fact that Richmond is on the map and that the boosters of that city are the people with whom to do business. Richmond is the home of some of the most delightful people in all the world, and within recent years the city has developed in a material way beyond the belief of even its own most optimistic citizens. As a jobbing centre it enjoys a trade that is constantly extending and will con-

Abe Martin

The Boosters' procession as they marched up the principal streets made a brave sight and marked Richmond down as a town that is on to its job as a self-advertiser. Richmond was talked here yesterday as no other town has been talked here, and that the way was paved for Richmond to get more trade than ever before from New Bern goes without saying. E. F. SMITH, Chief Lupton and a platoon of other policemen. Then came the band (Kess-nich's) playing the Booster song, the words of which run like this:

"We're boosting Richmond all the time. The hustling, bustling town. The sweet place in Dixie Land. Just come and look around. We're making goods of every kind. And make them mighty well. You'll come to Richmond eye and bye. And buy the things we sell."

Conspicuous at the head of the procession was a drum major attired in light blue uniform, and got his full share of the attention of the throngs of spectators with which the doorways and sidewalks were lined. He was a parade in himself, some one observed. —Newbern Daily Journal.

Voice of the People

Available Bids in South Boston. To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch: Sir—In your issue of to-day is an account of a brilliant light which illuminated your city last night about 10:30 o'clock, the source of which I suppose is unknown. At the same time last night the writer had just retired when the room was suddenly brilliantly lighted from without for a short space of time, and at the same time a loud, roaring noise was heard, resembling the running of a railroad

"GOSH, AIN'T IT NICE?"

By John T. McCutcheon.

(Copyright, 1912, By John T. McCutcheon.)



train. A minute or two later a loud report was heard in a northwesterly direction, much like the explosion of a heavy charge of dynamite, which reverberated through the town, causing windows and doors to shake and rattle. The night police reported this morning that their attention was attracted by the roaring sound, and they saw the approach and passage over the town of what appeared to be a huge ball of fire, slightly elongated, and moving with terrific velocity, trailing a long stream of red and blue light. So brilliant was the light that the smallest object could be easily seen on the streets. These wonderful phenomena and that seen in Richmond, appearing simultaneously, must have been produced by the same body, which is supposed to be a large meteor.

South Boston. H. W. WOODALL. The Richmond Boosters came and were welcomed by Fayetteville. Incidentally they boosted without reading and distributed advertising novelties without stinting. One hundred and twenty-five strong, manning a special train of four Pullman sleepers, two dining cars and an advertising coach, they arrived at 8:15 o'clock this morning, coming from Raleigh.

They were met at the railroad station by a full complement of committeemen, appointed and headed by Mayor John Underwood. In addition, there were several hundred citizens and others gathered to see the Boosters, and to become recipients of the advertising matter. The visitors and the reception committee formed a procession and headed by the Richmond municipal band, proceeded to the business section of the city. At its centre, the historical old market house, Mayor Underwood officially welcomed the Richmond men as the guests of his city.

Mayor George Annale, of Richmond, made a brief response, calling the attention of his hearers to a number of Tar Heels who figure conspicuously in the life of Virginia. Capital talks the same vein were made by Rev. Watson M. Farley, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, and several of the boosting party.—Charlotte Observer.

The Observer trusts that the Richmond Boosters will enjoy their stay in Charlotte as well as the Charlotte will.—Charlotte Observer.

Saturday night a number of representative citizens of Greensboro met and organized what is known as the Greensboro Boosters' Association, the object of which is to boost Greensboro in all legitimate lines and work for its upbuilding.

Last night another meeting of the organization was held and a telegram was sent to the Richmond Boosters, advising them that this club would be glad to have them stop over and spend a short time in Greensboro.

This morning this telegram was received: Fayetteville, N. C., Sept. 17, 1912. Greensboro Boosters' Association, N. C.: Richmond Boosters give three cheers and a tiger and will be there with bells on.

The Greensboro boosters have been busy, and have already arranged for automobiles to meet the visitors on the arrival of the train Thursday morning, and show them around the city. They will spend half an hour or more here.—Greensboro Record.

The esteemed Raleigh News and Observer comes out in a golden-hued color for the Richmond Boosters. It would have screamed in its rage the mere dream of such a thing sixteen years ago.—Charlotte Observer.

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QUERIES & ANSWERS

Public Playgrounds. Will you inform me whom to write in order to get ideas for the establishment of playgrounds for children? MRS. T. H. W. Playgrounds' Association of America, Madison Avenue, New York City.

Marriage Bond. Please tell me what was the old "marriage bond," and why they should be now regarded of value. READER. A bond by the terms of which the signers forfeited to the King of the government a stated sum in case the marriage for which they were obtained permission was liable to any legal impediment. The value lies in the preservation of old names and the proof of marriage, etc.

Tell Tale Birds. Is there any reason why birds are supposed to carry news, any ground in sense for the saying, "a little bird told me," etc. MISS ANN M. M.

With or without "reason" and "sense," the idea is both old and common. Ecclesiastes, X, 20, has "a bird of the air shall carry the voice and that which hath wings tell the matter." The Greek has a saying, "No one knows except possibly some bird," and the early German has "God and the wood bird are the only ones to hear." Roman and Greek and southern divination by birds involved much of the same idea of the intelligence gathered up by these wanderers as they fly unobserved, but observing over land and sea.

Old Second Church. My parents were married in the old Second Baptist Church in Richmond in 1849. Can you give me the name of the pastor at that date? S. R. R. J. L. Reynolds.

Secession of Virginia. Was Virginia the last State to secede? M. N. TRAINHAM.

Arkansas, North Carolina and Tennessee all passed secession ordinance after Virginia.

NATIONAL STATE AND CITY BANK RICHMOND, VA. 3% ON SAVINGS 3%

Funds Readily Available

A valued feature of the service rendered by this bank to its savings depositors lies in the fact that it permits them under ordinary circumstances to withdraw a portion of all of their funds at any time. Deposits from \$1.00 upwards are received, and the 3 per cent interest paid thereon is compounded twice each year. Deposits subject to check are also invited in any amount.

The First Canal Boat. To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch: Sir—May I call attention to your article in your issue of September 1, signed Alice M. Tyler, but I think the writer is mistaken Richmond on April canal boat reaching Richmond on April 1, 1818. The James River and Kanawha Canal was not dug until fully twenty years after this date, perhaps a little more. —VIRGINIA DARE, Lynchburg.